

The World

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OUR VANISHED SHIPS.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM SULZER of New York dealt out some plain truths in the House last week when he expressed his intention to vote for free tolls for all ships flying the American flag going through the Panama Canal.

Mr. Sulzer believes in trying to restore the American merchant marine by every legitimate and constitutional means. He is not one of those who are willing to gloss over "the deplorable fact that we have less registered tonnage for deep sea carrying trade to-day than we had one hundred years ago!" He faces the facts as he finds them:

In 1812 the United States, with a population of less than 20,000,000 inhabitants, owned more registered tonnage for ocean carrying trade than the United States in 1912 with a population of over 90,000,000. The American deep sea tonnage in 1812 was over 1,200,000, and it is now less than 800,000, and, what is worse still, it showed an actual decrease of more than 6,000 tons last year. In 1812 American ships flying the American flag and manned by American sailors carried over 90 per cent. of our deep sea trade and a great part of that of all the countries of Europe. To-day we carry very little of our own trade and practically none of other countries, notwithstanding the fact that we should be the foremost maritime power in the world.

And the reason for our fall?

Mr. Sulzer finds it in the stupid policy of Congress which in 1828, to please foreign interests, suspended those preferential duties in favor of American built ships which up to that time had so successfully fostered American shipping. Any measure that will tend to restore even in small part that preferential system under which our trade thrived Mr. Sulzer deems well worth fighting for.

He has already pending in Congress a bill to encourage an American merchant marine by allowing a reduction of 5 per cent. ad valorem of the customs duties on goods imported into this country in United States vessels, and by exempting such vessels from the \$4 alien tax.

Ship subsidy is highly questionable policy. But preferential duties and free tolls are sound, practical steps in building up a national shipping. It might prove necessary to change our commercial treaties with certain favored nations, giving those nations one year's notice. But is it not well worth while?

Not long ago The Evening World noted the experience of one hundred business men of the United States who cruised together among South American ports. So impressed were they with one observation that on their return they embodied it in a printed memorial. In the harbors of Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Montevideo—all full of foreign shipping—"we have looked in vain for a merchant steam vessel carrying the flag of the United States!"

It becomes more and more astounding that this great country with its wonderful coasts and harbors, its limitless resources and energies, should deliberately, year after year, pay over some \$300,000,000 to foreign vessels for carrying its own freight and passengers!

How soon is a nation that prides itself on its commercial shrewdness going to see that such a state of things is mighty poor business?

This city is fortunate in having a Representative who stands among the wide-awakes on this subject.

A MEAN SHAME!

IT'S A CRUEL, hard world where a great telegraph company like the Western Union can compel the young women who tick out its messages to forego the cool comfort of low necks and short sleeves and array themselves in shirtwaists "with moderately high adjustable collars and sleeves that extend below the elbows!"

Relays and relays of reporters have failed to find out the wherefore of it. "Sanitary and engineering reasons" seems to be about as close as anybody can get.

An austere representative of the company declared:

"The girls have been going around this building with their arms bare and with low-necked waists on!"

Awful! Instead of being happy and grateful for this sightly and pleasant state of things these marble-hearted officers spoil it all with starch and collar!

For cold-blooded, senile, merciless, graceless, blind-to-all-beauty, iron-fisted inhumanity can you beat a corporation?

ANENT the boy who was arrested for spitting in the street and locked up with a cell full of drunkards and toughs, the Mayor handed out a neat double-ender: To the one side, "What's the use of being so nasty?" and to the other, "It seems to be impossible to get a little sense into the heads of some policemen."

That will be a very bright day indeed when certain boys get over the idea that there is something manly and smart about spitting, and certain policemen cease to believe that their first duty is to jam the station full.

Letters from the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a man is born in this country of foreign parents and his father becomes a citizen of the United States, is the son eligible to be President of the United States?
A. K.
Yes, whether his father becomes a citizen or not.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Perhaps some medical readers would like to express their views as to what age a young man stops growing, as I know this to be a question greatly in dispute. For instance, I have heard some people say no young man stops growing until he is twenty-one years old, and some argue further that the average boy grows two inches after he

has passed his eighteenth year, while other opinions are entirely different. As this seems to be a sensible discussion, I think it should be interesting to hear the "many men of many minds" side of it.

Walking for Growth.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is walking good to make one grow? I am small for my age.
Y. R.
Hick walking is the best general exercise known. By strengthening the whole system it may perhaps aid to your height.

A Word Puzzle.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers figure out how many words they can make from the consonants and vowels contained in the word? I have made over 80. Can any one do better? WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten



Fables for Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

"The Quest of the Golden Girl."

A FOX had by some means got into the storeroom of a theatre. Suddenly he observed a face glaring down on him and began to be very frightened. But, looking more closely, he found it was only a mask, such as actors use to put over their faces.

"Ah," said the fox, "you look very fine; it is a pity you have not got any brains."

And Aesop draws the moral:

"Outside show is a poor substitute for inner worth."

Once upon a time there was a girl who wanted to win. She wanted to win admiration and love. On the highways and byways of life she saw many women early bedecked, their life made up with following fashion's decrees.

"Ah," said she, "I will be like these women. I will bend every effort to look BEAUTIFUL. Fine feathers make fine birds, and I shall be ONE of them."

Now, this girl had much LUSTRE, for she lived at home with her family, producing NOTHING, but demanding much.

Her favorite pastime was spending hours in front of her mirror, contemplating a prospective wrinkle, and in seeking for bargains of IMITATIONS of "baby Irish lace" and REDUCED prices.

Nothing concerned her except a continuous adornment of herself. She had

no time for anything else.

The girl met a man. She admired him. HE was the next thing she would win. So she set about to play the attractive game, calmly figuring out every action thereof.

She wore an everlasting mask of "Am-I-not-beautiful?" At first the man WAS a bit dazzled. It was nice to sit opposite her in a lobster palace and see her shine a bit.

But when he tried to get beneath the mask and talk things EARTHLY, he found her woefully wanting, for she developed only her outer self. She did not know anything about men and women and things that make for the world's work. She did not know music or books or how to appreciate the laughter of little children. She only delighted in clothes and more clothes.

She thought she had the winning game and continued to dazzle. Of course,

as it was, he was just a friend. But she was looking forward to the time when she would outshine everything and be the lifelong "friend wife."

So one morning she awoke a much surprised and disappointed young woman. In her hand she held the announcement of the man's marriage to a girl whose days were filled with work downtown, who wore only neat plain things, and who studied and thought and lived and laughed in her spare moments.

She knew the girl and she WONDERED at it. The bride was a little, unobtrusive thing, and would not shine in a ballroom or in a gayly dressed throng in a cafe.

But she knew something of business and books and life about her, and had cultivated the attribute of being a good listener. She knew the value of a home, for she was a part of one. In a

word, she was interested and interesting.

She, too, realized the value of making the best of one's OUTWARD appearance; but not to the exclusion of all else. The man also realized it.

MORAL: IN THE QUEST OF THE "GOLDEN GIRL" SHE IS NOT ALWAYS THE ONE THAT GLITTERS.

Reflections of

A Bachelor Girl.

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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MANY a June bride discovers later that she might just as well have been married in May, as far as her luck is concerned.

A man's illusions about women usually drop out with his front hair. Thus, the higher the brow, the lower the opinion of the fair sex.

A perfectly frank woman is wholesome. So are corned beef and cabbage, medicine and adversity—but they aren't alluring.

A man's love will subside so much longer on the hope of a kiss than on gratitude for one, that it behooves the woman who wants to marry him to steer her course skilfully between the Scylla of stony discouragement and the Charybdis of hasty response.

Carrying your heart to a summer resort is as foolish as carrying your fur overcoat; you deserve to get moths in it!

Summer is a time for sentimentality, not for real sentiment; for art, not for heart; for philandering, not for falling in love.

A man is so paradoxical that he never despairs of finding that impossible combination; a woman who is easily kissable but has never been kissed.

Of course, a husband and wife owe each other everything; but it's having to pay it in interminable daily installments that gives them "that tired feeling."



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Stolen Fruits.

"Going to the ball game Decoration Day?"

"No. Too slow. I'd lack the fun of taking an excuse for getting away from the office."

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Women Heartbreakers of History

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERNHUE
ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).
NO. 3—DOLLY MADISON, "Most Beautiful Woman in America."

NORTH CAROLINIANS were treated daily to an odd sight during some of the eighteenth century's last years; the spectacle of a girl walking primly to school, clad in most outlandish fashion. A huge sunbonnet was sewed to her hair. Long gloves covered her arms from finger tips to shoulders, and a white linen mask was tied closely over her entire face.

The child was Dolly Payne, a planter's daughter, whose mother (once a reigning belle who had rejected an offer of marriage from Thomas Jefferson) took these queer precautions to preserve her daughter's beauty from the glare of the sun and from the eyes of passersby. And the beauty was well worth preserving. Its fame was destined to spread over the whole world.

The Paynes moved to Philadelphia in 1786. They had lost their money and could no longer keep up the plantation. Dolly, who was only fourteen, at once became the toast of the town. Dozens of men proposed to her. When she was nineteen, John Todd, a wealthy lawyer, entered the lists for her favor. She did not care for him. But her father was deep in Todd's debt and on his deathbed begged Dolly to wipe out the indebtedness by marrying the lawyer. Reluctantly, she consented.

Three years later, Todd was stricken with yellow fever. Knowing death was upon him, he mounted his horse and galloped far out into the country to the house where Dolly was spending the summer. "I must see her once more," he exclaimed as friends sought to hold him back. In a little more than an hour after he reached his wife he was dead.

Dolly was now a rich widow of twenty-two, with a couple of children and a big Philadelphia mansion. And once more she counted her suitors by the dozen. Men would stand on street corners for hours on the chance of seeing her pass by on her way to church. A chandlerer relates that one old Quaker woman thus reproved her:

"Dolly, thou must hide thy face, for too many stare at thee!"

One of the men who stared was Congressman James Madison. And at sight he fell in love with the girlish widow. He induced Aaron Burr—who was another of Dolly's countless admirers—to ask permission to introduce him to her. Dolly wrote to a friend:

"Congressman Burr says that 'Great Little Madison' has asked to be brought to me."

Madison was twenty years her senior. But he was handsome and brilliant and very evidently had a career before him. George Washington and his wife—



both close friends of hers—warmly urged Dolly to accept the "great little" statesman. At last she did so. She and Madison were married in September, 1794.

A few years later she was the queen of Washington society and, in 1809, her husband became the fourth President of the United States. As "first lady of the land," Dolly scored a veritable triumph. Her beauty, her tact and her gracious charm won every heart. Her praises were sung not only here but in Europe.

When, in 1814, the British sacked and partly burned Washington, it was Dolly Madison's quick wit that rescued some of the chief treasures of the Government from their clutches. Among other precious things she carried away in her flight was the Declaration of Independence. We owe that document's preservation entirely to her; as it must inevitably have been burned when the British set fire to the national capital's archives and public buildings.

It was necessary for Dolly to disguise herself during her flight from the city. For Admiral Cockburn, leader of the British raid on Washington, had loudly boasted his intention to "capture America's most beautiful woman and exhibit her in England."

During twenty years after Madison's term of office ended the ex-President and his wife lived in almost kindly state at their great country place. Then Madison died and Dolly came back to Washington to live. She died in 1849, poor, lonely, well-nigh heartbroken, her happiness and her fortune both having been lost through her only son's wild extravagance.

Color Combinations for the Well Groomed Woman

BLUE and green are an attractive combination of colors, especially if they shade more or less into each other and are not too sharply contrasted. A blue and green indistinct plaid makes a stylish street suit, with a green silk petticoat and either the blue or green predominating in the hat.

It is better, just why it is hard to say, to have the green the accessory color, appearing on the hat or on the waist, leaving the blue for the background.

Black shoes and white gloves look exceedingly well with this costume; but tan shoes and gloves would be stylish, also.

Blue and green combine well for little severe dresses, especially if ecru lace is used as the trimming.

Then there are stunning jade earrings that could be worn with a costume of this nature, to give that finished touch which is so essential to the well groomed woman.

Blue and black are attractive when placed together, if the blue is not too vivid. A black silk dress for either afternoon or summer street wear, when combined with dull blue, is charming.

If worn upon the street, white gloves, black pumps and sheer black silk stockings with a hat of black and white would be by far the most effective. A black hat, trimmed with blue, carries the idea of combining a little too far, and so is apt to appear contrived. If blue is the wearer's most becoming color and she wishes to give more emphasis to it for that reason she may have the whole hat of dull blue.

Blue is certainly a blue-eyed person's color, as it deepens the shade of the eyes as well as heightening the red in the cheeks.

For a more elaborate afternoon dress

For a more elaborate afternoon dress

For a more elaborate afternoon dress

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For a more elaborate afternoon dress